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For Faulkner
Errol Miller

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FOR FAULKNER

That light in August long ago when dusty cars crawled home to Jefferson to feed the flock there ain't no canyons out there in Yoknapatawpha County just the little folks screwing up a universal message from the hired hands & the drifters those with biscuits in their brains that insufficient sociological landscape the land enduring of course but the people failed to measure up doomed by love & pity long long suffering how they freshened up to go to town for what a wagon full of trouble stuff for writing second-hand cousins marrying those durn foreigners profound endless struggles could The Lord be doing this a bunch of novels to grieve over so many overwhelming threads woven together who can remember Daisy or was that Fitzgerald then there's Rowan Oak my friend hiding behind cedars sanctuary for Ol' Bill in the sacred rains of Oxford desolation that which time destroys a profound sense of place in the evening when the crickets chirp the katydids the Courthouse where art begins more ol' forsaken mates who never existed anywhere come to town to just congregate have a cup of coffee on the Square Smitty's perhaps the colossal pine woods forty acres of red clay bootleg whisky the Nobel Prize that big shadow over Oxford that pillar at rest the glory of the corncrib past old worn-out boots & leggings accepting the end of things this is the Deep South calling a repairman comes the wrecking crew to Paradise the bower of a Magnolia tree mystique an empty room the silence that remains.